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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 853 - 854

Unexpectedly, Hunter dumped some money on the table before declaring, "I can help save anyone you ask me to, just not Finnick. So forget it."

Then he walked off, leaving Evelyn stupefied in a daze.

That's right! I asked him to rescue Finnick! Finnick—His romantic rival! Why on earth would he agree to help me? God, I made a mistake...

Evelyn snorted, laughing bitterly at her foolish self.

Am I just asking for trouble at this point? She single-handedly brought Finnick's company to the ground, driving it to bankruptcy and sending Finnick, its president, to jail.

Just as Evelyn sank into the pits of despair, someone approached her and asked, "Miss, are you alright?"

Evelyn's every movement skidded to a halt.

She's...

She was the woman that greatly resembled Rachel. Now, the woman stood before Evelyn and was asking her if she was alright.

Evelyn blinked at the woman's glamorously classy appearance; she eyed the LV bag that was looped in on the woman's hand and recognized the signature smell of Chanel's cosmetic line that the woman wore on her face.

"Mom," Evelyn deliberately slurred her words in a drunken-like manner. Evelyn had hoped that maybe she could discover more something about the woman.

"Silly child, I'm not your mother." The woman clarified softly as she frowned at Evelyn, pitying her. "Just call me Ms. Ferguson."

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To Ms. Ferguson, Evelyn looked like a frightened child who had lost her mother. This sight was enough to evoke a sense of motherly love from Ms. Ferguson. So she allowed Evelyn to call her 'Ms. Ferguson'.

"Ms. Ferguson? Can I ask if you have a twin sister?" Evelyn asked curiously, shaking her head to act that she had sobered up.

This bewildered Ms. Ferguson, who stilled whilst her mind thought long and hard about the question.

"Why do you ask...?" Ms. Ferguson finally spoke. Feeling unsettled by Evelyn's question, Ms. Ferguson stared at her with narrowed, examining eyes.

"Actually, my mom looks a lot like you, so I was curious if the two of you are sisters." Evelyn didn't lie; she locked eyes with Ms. Ferguson and answered sincerely.

"Oh? Looks a lot like me?" Ms. Ferguson's interest was piqued.

She also finally understood why the young lady kept referring to her as "mom".

"Do you have some time on your hands? Maybe we could pay a visit to my mom? You'll understand what I mean when you see her," Evelyn invited. She successfully caught Ms. Ferguson's attention.

I'll know whether they're sisters once they meet each other.

If they're not, then at least Ms. Ferguson and I will share a friendly kinship from this experience. But if they are sisters, then we'll be considered family.

Either way, this will benefit me greatly.

Evelyn mapped out and calculated the plan in her mind. Then she beamed with a mixture of hope and excitement at Ms. Ferguson.

To her joy, Ms. Ferguson also seemed like she was interested in going. It wasn't long before Ms. Ferguson agreed, "Alright. It's not like I have anything better to do anyway. I'll go with you then."

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Meanwhile, an authoritative policeman stared Finnick down in a matchbox-sized interrogation room.

“Finnick, do you have anything to say about your illegal involvement with stock frauds?” He interrogated.

“Yeah. I’m saying that I didn’t do it.” Finnick boldly met the policeman’s gaze with a stone-cold expression. There was no way in hell that he would admit to something that he didn’t do.

The policeman reacted negatively to Finnick’s smug retort. He slammed the table and roared, “Your lips may be as tight as a clam’s, but you’re already in jail. Now, what else do you have to say?”

The incident had caused a stir amongst the policeman’s superiors. With tension rising, they released orders for the policeman to figure out the incident’s real cause within three days.

However, Finnick pleaded not guilty and had prolonged the course of his trial. So it only made sense that the policeman was furious at him.

He had hoped to deal with the case as soon as possible so that he could report back to his superiors. Yet, now the task seemed nothing short of impossible.

“If being in jail makes me automatically guilty, then I suggest you conduct a better investigation before questioning me. I know my rights, and I don’t have to explain anything to you.” Finnick’s eyes locked onto the policeman before him. He knew exactly what the policeman planned to do.

But Finnick refused to allow it. He’s interrogating me without bothering to investigate the full story; does he think that he can force me into confessing to the crime?

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Finnick wasn’t that kind of person and would never become one.

Other than glaring angrily at him, the police officer couldn’t do anything else.

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Meanwhile, Vivian was lying in bed when she suddenly sneezed, causing the maid to assume she had caught a cold. Hence, she helped cover Vivian with a blanket.

However, Vivian waved to indicate that she was fine.

Somehow, she could feel a sense of dread, as if something bad was about to befall Finnick.

However, now that the video has been sent in, what else can it be?

After giving it some thought, Vivian figured that if there were still problems, they would have to find Evelyn and get her to be a witness.

Hence, she wondered where Evelyn could be at that moment. Suddenly, a place flashed in her mind.

It was Rachel's nursing home.

Vivian had visited Rachel at her nursing home before and Rachel's attitude toward her was unusually good.

"Vivian, how have you been?"

"I'm alright."

"In that case, do you have anything unhappy to tell me so that I can share your burden with you?"

"There's no need to, thanks."

"Vivian, please don't hold it against me. I admit I was biased toward Evelyn. However, you have to understand why I behaved that way."

"Mmm-hmm."

She had a strong impression of what happened at the nursing home because of how unusually well Rachel treated her.

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It wasn't because Vivian was paranoid and doubted anyone who treated her well.

Instead, it was because Rachel was always nasty to her ever since she found out it was Vivian that forced Evelyn to leave.

All this while, she behaved in the same manner except for then...

As Vivian continued to recall, the scenes from that time began to emerge in her mind.

"Why is there a bed here?" Vivian asked when she realized a bed had been added to the room.

This is a single room with no one else staying. So who is the bed for?

"It's for an old lady that stays with me. I was feeling too lonely so I asked for someone to keep me company."

At that time, there was nothing suspicious about Rachel's answer. It did make sense for her to find a roommate to keep her from feeling lonely.

However, she missed out one thing.

The sheets on the bed were pink, the kind a young lady would use.

It may not have occurred to Rachel, but it did so to Vivian.

Perhaps the owner of the bed really liked pink and it had nothing to do with age. But come to think of it now, it was indeed a valid point of suspicion.

Therefore, Evelyn must be living at Rachel's nursing home.

"Noah, come back here." Holding that thought, Vivian instructed Noah to return so that she could ask him some questions.

Meanwhile, Evelyn had arrived at the nursing home's entrance without encountering any obstacles.

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"Is your mom living here?" Fiona was stunned to see that they had arrived at a nursing home.

It wasn't because she looked down upon those that stayed in there, it was just that she was opinionated about them.

"Mmm-hmm. That's right. We're broke, so we have to stay here," Evelyn replied awkwardly.

She hid the fact that she couldn't even afford the expenses for the nursing home from Fiona.

"Alright, let's head inside then." All Fiona wanted to do was to quickly visit Rachel. Other than that, there wasn't any need for her to be there.

"Mom, look who's here?" Evelyn led Fiona into the room and saw Rachel sitting on the bed.

When Rachel saw the person beside Evelyn, she was stunned.

"This..." Rachel didn't know what to say to show how surprised she was.

"Hello, you must be Evelyn's mom. It appears both of us look very much alike?" Fiona greeted Rachel cordially.

Both of their actions and demeanor were different but their features were almost the same. However, a simple action itself was sufficient to differentiate between the two.

"Mmm-hmm, I am." Rachel stared at Fiona in shock.

The next moment, she understood what was going on.

"I'm sure that Evelyn has told you about this? I do not have a twin and neither any sisters." As Rachel listened to Fiona, she gave Evelyn a remorseful look.

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